

A N E L E G Y

U P O N

The Death of Mrs. A. B E H N;

The Incomparable *A S T R E A*.

By a Young Lady of Quality.

I.
Summon the Earth, (the Fair *Astrea's* gone)
 And let through every Angle fly,
 Till it has fill'd the mighty Round,
 And thence arise to the expanded Sky,
 In Murmurs for the misery done,
 To see if Heaven, Heaven will our Grief supply,
 With Tears enough to mourn her Destiny.
 Assemble all the Crowds below,
 You that Obedience to the Muses owe,
 And teach the Sighing Maids to mourn,
 With unbound Hair, and flowing Tears,
 In Strains as moving as her Numbers were,
 The mighty Desolation, mighty Woe.
 Teach them in Charming Accents, such as once
 She did the list'ning Crowds inform,
 When high as Heaven her Praise was born,
 And taught the Angels to rejoice,
 In sweeter, truer Numbers than before,
 In all their bright Seraphick Store,
 Had ever tun'd their Heavenly Voice:
 And thus prepar'd, let them the Loss deplore,
 The charming wife *Astrea* is no more.

II.
 What have we done? What have our Crimes deserv'd?
 Why this injurious Rape?
 The World is Widdow'd now,
 And Desolation every where
 With dismal Groans invades the Air;
 My sullen Muse, that ne'er before
 The sacred Title wore,
 Untaught, unpractic'd, has prefer'd
 (For none from Mourning can escape)
 In uneven Strains, and much below
 All but my Grief,
 To tell the World their Universal Woe,
 Which ne'er can hope Relief:
 'Tis an implacable Decree,
 That Languishments, Diseases, Death,
 Must attend all that live on Earth.
 Cannot those Hours we here possess,
 From Fate, and those attendant Ills, be free,
 That ravish hence our Happiness,
 But in Diseases, Murmurs, Strife,
 Made pass away our hasty Life?
 When if it uncontroul'd did bloom,
 Exempt from Anguish or Fears,
 Who then would offer up their Tears,
 To see their beck'ning Fate were come,
 After a Life supinely run?
 But now in Pain that ling'ring Span must waste,
 Which Sighing terminates in Death at last,
 And kills with us the sense of Dangers past.

III.
 Can no distinction here be own'd?
 Must Death for ever stand thus arm'd,
 To snatch a Soul Divinely form'd?
 Must that then Triumph over all?
 Give all below a Fatal Wound,
 Then urge it is but Natural?
 Ah! how inglorious is our Fate,
 How rigid, and how desperate?
 We're flatter'd with the pleasing Tale;
 In us the form of Gods are seen;
 Fond Ignorance, for they are all Divine,
 Exempt from all we fear:
 Nor can their Beings ever fail,
 As those that wander here.
 Hence then, thou false receiv'd Belief, begone,
 And let us see, we're like our selves alone.

IV.
 Who now, of all the inspired Race,
 Shall take *Orinda's* Place?
 Or who the Hero's Fame shall raise?
 Who now shall fill the Vacant Throne?
 The bright *Astrea's* gone,

V.
 And with her all that heavenly Wit,
 And Charming Wonders of her Face,
 On which with more we gaz'd,
 And claim'd a Title to our Praise.
 The Graces too have made their flight,
 All to inglorious Fate submit;
 To Fate, which draws us to that nearer sight
 Of Death, and everlasting Night,
 Where Silence her chief Empire sways,
 And hurls a gloomy Shade around
 The hollow unexhausted Ground,
 Which all Return denies:
 For when the sick'ning Soul decays,
 Languishes, sighs, and dyes,
 She bids an everlasting long Adieu
 To all the World, and all she valu'd too.

VI.
 Let all our Hopes despair and dye,
 Our Sex for ever shall neglected lye;
 Aspiring Man has now regain'd the Sway,
 To them we've lost the Dismal Day:
Astrea an equal Ballance held,
 (Tho' she deserv'd it all;)
 But now the rich Inheritance must fall;
 To them with Grief we yeild
 The Glorious envy'd Field.
 Of her own Sex, not one is found
 Who dares her Laurel wear,
 Withheld by Impotence or Fear;
 With her it withers on the Ground,
 Untouch'd, and cold as she,
 And Reverenc'd to that degree,
 That none will dare to save
 The Sacred Relick from the Grave;
 Intomb'd with her, and never to return,
 Fills up the narrow Urn,
 Which more Presumption, or more Courage has than we,

VII.
 In Love she had the softest sense;
 And had her Virtue been as great,
 In Heaven she'd fill'd the foremost Seat.
 This failure, or she had immortal been,
 And free as Angels are from Sin;
 'Twas pity that she practis'd what she taught;
 Her Muse was of the bolder Sex;
 Such Mysteries of Love she did dispense,
 Such moving natural Eloquence,
 As made her too much Wit her fault.
 Her ever-loyal Muse took no pretext,
 To discommend what once it prais'd;
 And what has most her Glory rais'd,
 Her Royal Master she has follow'd home,
 Nor would endure the World when he had lost his Throne.

VIII.
 Hail! the Elizian Shades, and bright *Orinda*, hail!
 They now much happier are than we;
 Their Triumphs are but now begun;
 What we have lost, the Shades have won:
 Her Presence makes their Harmony,
 For ever we must disagree.
 See then, and do not fail,
 To entertain the welcom Guest,
 And sing her Praise above the rest,
 For she deserves the Triumph best,
 Meet her, ye Amorous Lovers, and Adore
 Her Shade, before
 The Nymphs for whom you Fetters wore.
 Her Care was most for you,
 For still she gave to Sacred Love its due,
 Reveal'd more Mysteries than *Ovid* knew:
 Joyn all the Glorious Shades, and sing *Astrea's* Praise,
 Whilst her unhappy Monument we raise.

F I N I S.